

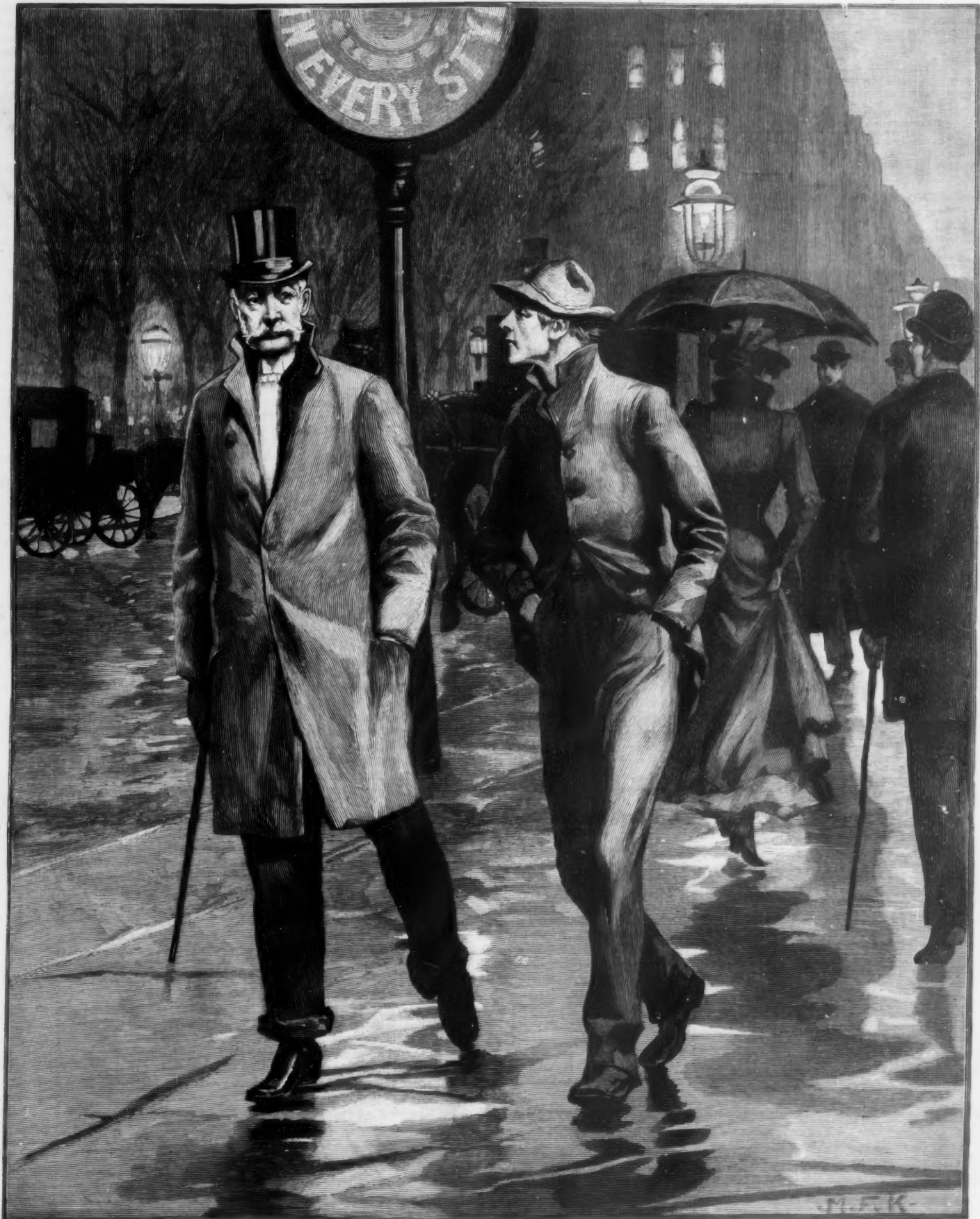
ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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THE DINER-OUT AND THE DINNERLESS.

ONCE A WEEK

521-547 West Thirteenth Street,
518-524 West Fourteenth Street,
NEW YORK CITY.

THE WEEK.

March 14—Monday—"What appear to be calamities are often the sources of fortune."—*Earl of Beaconsfield.*

March 15—Tuesday—"May you . . . have help and pity in store for the unfortunates whom you overtake in life's journey."—*Adventures of Philip.*

March 16—Wednesday—

"A song is better than fasting,
And sorrow's not worth tilling—
Then keep your brain light as you can,
An ounce of care will kill a man."—*James Shirley.*

March 17—Thursday—"The great art of life, so far as I have been able to observe, consists in fortitude and perseverance."—*W. Scott.*

March 18—Friday—

"Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st."
—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iii. 1.

March 19—Saturday—"It is very difficult to be learned; it seems as if people were worn out on their way to great thoughts, and can never enjoy them because they are too tired."—*George Eliot.*

March 20—Sunday—

"Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!"
—*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 1.

These quotations should be committed to memory daily.

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NUGENT ROBINSON, Editor.

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THE EDUCATION OF THE FUTURE.

THERE is no subject possessing greater fascination for the thoughtful than that of the education of the future. Every thinker feels assured that, great as has been the world's progress in—aye, a very few years—greater progress with greater results lies in the near future, and, as a sequence, a condition of education equal to the world's high rate of speed. In an able article in the current number of the *Forum*, Mr. CLARENCE KING deals masterfully with this great problem, thrusting aside the veil of the future with no timid or faltering hand.

"With the revival of learning, four hundred years ago," says Mr. KING, "all intelligence was turned to retrospection. Upon the Greek and Roman civilizations every educated eye was fixed, until Europe forgot that there was a future for human society or a law of historic evolution. Scanning the horizon of the time, one could see no light save the classical after-glow faintly reflected from the crumbling marbles of Rome and Greece. In this age of modern science we have turned from the exclusive study of antiquity, and are now gazing into the light of the future, our profoundest curiosity quivering under the currents of new thought as a magnet vibrates in the grasp of an induction-coil. We are rushing on at an ever-accelerating pace into new intellectual conditions, and speculative interest in our tendencies and destiny is almost morbidly active the world over."

Moreover America is under the further stimulus of its own conditions. It has no remote past, and its vast present is felt to be the mere beginning of a prodigious future. "Never before has a single generation seen a great nation spring into being, or a whole continent recovered from barbarism and lifted to our hopeful level of Philistine vulgarity." No wonder that a people who have witnessed and shared in this most enormous and swift of all national phenomena should strain their eyes forward and breathlessly ask, "What next?" Although Malachi ends the titular prophets, there has never been a greater volume of uninspired forecast than at the present moment. No department of life is free from it, least of all education. We live in the future tense. Prediction is the hobby of the age.

This century has to its credit two intellectual achievements so radically new in kind, so far-reaching in consequences, so closely bound up with the future of the human race, that we stand on the greatest dividing-line since the Christian era. It is as if we had sailed to the end of an ocean and landed on the new world of science. Knowledge of the laws of conservation, of energy and biological evolution, plants humanity on a world of whose character and extent we cannot even yet form any conception. The centuries we are leaving behind made in nearly every branch of human activity, except science, records of triumph beside which the present has nothing to boast. Experiments in government, social order and public morals, nearly such as we are struggling with, have been set in operation, tried, condemned and discarded. The game of democracy has been played longer than we as yet have been able to maintain or endure it. Even such a large national phenomenon as the growth of the United States was almost paralleled by the expansion of the Roman Empire under Trajan. Though history is the account of human repetition, in the face of modern science even Solomon would exclaim, "There are new things under the sun."

In all the finer blossoming of human ideality—poetry, drama, architecture, painting and sculpture—other periods have so far exceeded us that the poor nineteenth century can only stammer and blush. But in knowledge of the scheme of creation and manner of unfolding of the cognizable universe, of the nature of matter, or the broad laws which govern the ebb and flow, the conversion and effects of energy, we rise to a stature that dwarfs forever the men of antiquity. It is not that there were not scientific geniuses from ARISTOTLE to NEWTON who made great discoveries, as COPERNICUS did and GALEN almost did; but they remained rare and isolated, their careers as lonely as that of a poet. Until now there never was a great army of science, all marvelously trained, all unified by the severe and approved tactics of induction and inspired by the passion of intellectual conquest.

"Have the steam-engine of yesterday," continues Mr. KING, "the telephone of to-day and the flying-machine of to-morrow so exhausted mechanical imagination that we are dulled to the myriad possibilities surrounding us? Has the strain of sixty years of invention so fatigued the modern mechanic that he is losing his elastic freshness of mind and is in danger of relaxing his grasp? Are his nerve-centers going to stand the constant draught of vital energy? And the man of pure science—what are his relations to the movement? Is he halting or hesitating under the stress of his tremendous struggle with the unknown? Must we give up weary and baffled before we know the nature of ether, the architecture of molecules, the mechanism of gravitation, and shall we fail to surprise the well-guarded secret of the physics of life?"

Powers of observation and apprehension of facts are

keen as ever, and, not content with the human mechanism already evolved, the sensorium has been marvelously extended by the invention of instruments of almost superhuman ingenuity; inductive reasoning was never so far-reaching; and, lastly, imagination, which offers the best critical test of intellectual health, is fresh and soaring. There is not a single pathologic symptom in the body of science. The march has just begun. It is the greatest movement in history!

Science meantime continues to work on these two great subjects. By the study of energy, man, even if he cannot literally, as EMERSON urges, "hitch his wagon to a star," may harness it to the great universal power that moves all the stars. By biology, whenever the popular eye has been anointed with the scientific clay, he may banish half the ills that flesh is heir to. So enormous is the accumulating mass of scientific knowledge, and so stupendous its utility, that there is room for no surprise that education yields like wax under pressure of this most uncompromising and powerful of modern influences. Aside from the higher attractions of pure science, rewards of wealth are tempting students to leave the charmed pathway to classical culture and take the road to the knowledge and control of matter and energy. Because science helps a man to devise an electric motor or a steel ship, to gain a fortune, to partake of the splendid material luxury and be a part of the greatest intellectual movement of the age, is reason enough for its rapidly-achieved ascendancy in education. It is conquering and to conquer. Classical culture is already outstripped and must lag further and further behind. We have had four hundred years of education with the face to the past and thirty years with the face to the future; the two types of product are before us, and considerable benefit may be obtained from a fearless comparison of the two kinds of mind and character which these contrasted modes of education are developing.

Mr. KING is the open and avowed enemy of what he terms the "pedagogic past," and believes *ad unguem* in the present. In concluding his article in the *Forum*, which should be read in *extenso*, Mr. KING replies to the self-asked question—"Whence must education derive the exact knowledge which is to form the organic basis for the new round training of man? Out of the pedagogic past or present? Never! It will come out of biology and psychology. It will be the magnificent gift of science."

THE LIVELY WOMAN.

THERE is no doubt whatever that the lively woman is an excellent institution, and one which would be greatly missed. Like the reading-room of a public library, she is a refuge for the destitute, who find in her, if not a friend, at any rate an acquaintance who is never dull and who brightens up the dismal and the dyspeptic by sheer force of her own brightness. The lively woman laughs defiance at the old dictum that there is a time for everything. She is always cheery and bright. She brings her liveliness with her to the funeral as well as to the wedding, and is almost as ready to dance over a grave as over a ballroom floor. And she means no harm. On the contrary, she deems it her duty to see the silver lining and to absolutely ignore the cloud, to join in the laughter but never in the tears, to be sympathetic to a joke but never to a groan. At dinner parties the lively woman—who, be it noted, is usually small and compact—is as much in her element as a goldfish in a bowl of water, or a cauliflower in a conjurer's hat. Conversation is not an exertion to her, but a pleasure, and she enjoys setting the table in a roar. She sparkles even when the ladies are alone together in the drawing-room—that period when feminine vitality so often sinks to its lowest ebb; and when the black-coated troop of men at length emerges from the dining-room she has always something whimsical to say, which tides over the awkward moment which follows their entry, and prevents little arrangements for flirtations and confidential conversations starting into undue or confusing prominence. For this virtue all young lovers shower blessings upon her unconscious head.

At a picnic the lively woman makes up for the continued absence of the sun, or the inadvertent omission to pack the lobster salad in the provision hamper. She turns serious misfortunes into amusing *contretemps* and extracts wholesome merriment even from such unpromising materials as superfluous spiders and too inquiring toads. When the usual thunderstorm duly puts in an appearance and all is disquietude and dampness, her repartees flash more brightly than the lightnings, her laughter gives gay music to the thunder. She is a sort of social umbrella, and keeps everyone mentally dry. It is only in times of sorrow that the lively woman is apt to prove a broken reed and to lose some of her well-deserved popularity. As a rule, she is inclined to slap someone in the face if he puts in an appearance; but when the pale intruder enters and will not be denied, when he hangs his hat upon the hook behind the door, folds his coat in its place, assumes the worn slippers and sits down by the hearth, when he makes himself at home and shows that he intends to be a visitor and not merely an hour's guest, the lively woman

shrinks away too often, and is bewildered, frightened, angry and ill-at-ease. She chooses to look upon the bright side of life and she hates to be thwarted. She is inclined to take the grief of others, if intruded upon her notice, as a personal injury to herself, and to claim as her own perquisites the pity which she ought to extend to those who mourn and ask her for sympathy. Determined to be lively at all costs, she often becomes merely hard, for a joke out of season jars more than a tear, and laughter in the chamber of death seems more out of place than weeping at a bridal feast. Yet, luckily, the lively woman is not always superficial, not always heartless. Sometimes the inward spark of vitality, instead of merely flashing and twinkling, can shine with a steady glow, earnest, steadfast, a beacon-light to guide poor human ships in distress, driving before a gale of trouble, battered and dismayed by gathering waves of misfortune. Then the joke becomes the encouragement, the pun the prayer, the merry laugh the tender smile, which bids the bowed-down sufferer look up again, and sends the tears fleeing as the shower that makes the grass so green in the April weather of the gentle springtime.

INNER RUSSIA.

A RECENT number of the *Vestnik Evropy*, or *European Messenger*, publishes an article for which the hapless editor has assuredly ere this received the blessings in disguise of the knout. The writer, after describing the hopes aroused by the presence of the French fleet at Cronstadt and the festivities at St. Petersburg, arrives at the conclusion that the whole demonstration has been a great deception for France. It goes on to say that the French people now understand that Russia, suffering from domestic calamities, cannot take up a European question because she has not the necessary strength to do so. The article continues thus: "The disaster that has overtaken us is not a bad harvest, nor even a temporary famine. It is the complete ruin of the economic welfare of the masses which has been going on for a long time. It is a far-reaching and irreparable dissolution of the entire agriculture of the empire, revealing the evils and the disorders which have invaded our whole existence. The official formula, that all is going on well, is disproved every moment. The conviction that our misfortune must be remedied and that the Government must devote its attention to nothing else prevails everywhere, and has taken root in all parts of the country. The conditions of existence which oppress the majority of the people must be improved. It is impossible to think of enterprise abroad as long as the evil lasts. The lack of all preparation for useful and energetic measures and the complete absence of method and union in the steps taken, the faults and abuses of those intrusted with the executive power—such are the agencies which paralyze all action and which render fruitless the heroism of the army. We found this out during the Crimean War and the campaign of 1877-78. The enormous sacrifices which the latter cost us only led to insignificant results. It was owing to the bad organization of our military commissariat and our administration. The disorder which characterized them was detected, and we were obliged to make peace at any price and as soon as possible. . . . It is in our morals and our habits that the evil has taken root, but it was engendered by the eccentricities of our political institutions. The famine, although an economic and elementary visitation, must be regarded as the most important political event of the past year."

The walking to Siberia is, at this season of the year, a trifle bad.

VERY MUCH MARRIED.

THE reproach of being too much married is one which is very commonly leveled against the holy state, and which, perhaps, attracts some additional sympathy on account of the invidious singularity which it attacks. Certainly the records of the law courts, as well as the vague testimony of private experience, favor the view that on a considerable number of our fellow-citizens the responsibilities of matrimony sit somewhat lightly. It is easy to denounce this as a peculiar manifestation of latter-day degeneracy, and the *fin-de-siècle* moralists would be untrue to themselves and to the traditions of their species if they neglected such an obvious addition to their stock-in-trade. But, like so many cheap moralizings, the criticism, as a matter of history, is ludicrously incorrect.

"As a rule, no doubt," says EDMUND YATES, "the honey-lunatic period works its own cure; but, whether this be so or not, it may fairly be required, even of the newly married, that a time shall come when they are prepared to descend from the clouds and resume the rôle of useful members of society."

The general soundness of this doctrine can hardly be questioned, in spite of the difficulties which often beset its application to particular instances. Among the sonorous truisms which, oddly enough, sustain so much of the reputation of the Seven Sages, there is an honest, common-sense maxim (accredited, if we remember rightly, to BLAS) to the effect that the wise man

neither fondles nor reproves his wife in public. Both alike are outrages upon society; but it may be doubted whether the public retorts, corrections and settings-right generally, in which some of those who are not happy, though married, delight to indulge, are not more unlovely even than public blandishments. They are certainly far more uncomfortable to the audience. As for the husband, he has long been one of the butts of polite society. The stage has treated him almost as severely as the mother-in-law; and every twopenny-halfpenny poet or novelist feels entitled to pelt him with small chaff. This, of course, is only the husband of fiction, but the husband of fact has fared almost as badly. Many modern wives have a sort of idea, which, if not definitely formulated, still persistently influences them, that it is a bad form to attach any value to the affection of their husbands. The idea is not original, for in the early Middle Ages it received a quasi-legislative sanction. The *Cours d'Amour* of Provence decided that love could not exist between married people, and a lady who married her knight was required to elect a new lover in the place of him who had sunk into the position of a husband. All this, however, is thoroughly unwholesome, and very-much-married couples, with all their defects, are really valuable as a protest against it.

There is no reason to gush over the beauties of connubial affection, for, from a purely practical standpoint, the value of connubial harmony speaks for itself. But, at the same time, no false shame should tempt us to ignore either the beauty or the value of the affections which married life consecrates. As a rule, it is men who are chiefly responsible for their miscarriage, though in most cases this misfortune springs from nothing worse than a want of perception. Men seldom appreciate the fact that, though women may really value silent affection, what they chiefly prize are those little courtesies and attentions which a man is ready to offer to any woman except his own wife. We are satisfied that it would be sound economy for a man to carry to reserve, say, one per cent, of the adulation which he lavishes during courtship for home consumption during married life. In any case, it is certain that if a woman's love is worth winning, it is also worth some small sacrifice to retain; and, though matrimony in general is open to grave objections on various solid grounds, still, if the plunge is once taken, it is obviously better to be very much married than to be, as so many of its critics are, not nearly married enough.

SHAMS are ever detected—like murder, they will out. There is one sham, however, to which, in these latter days, people of genteel notions and limited house-room have become exceedingly attached—namely, the folding-bed. Artful and designing craftsmen have so disguised this article of furniture as to lead the unobservant to believe it to be a library, a buffet, a chest of drawers, aye, and even a piano, and the triumphant owner rests serenely secure and proud of the deception. In the wild and woolly West the folding-bed is a pronounced household god; but, instead of enfolding its weary occupants in sleep, it has been engaged in smothering them. A certain Mr. and Mrs. BAKER recently retired in the vigor of health, with life all before them, and certainly with no thought that even at that moment Death had advanced his pale flag to their chamber-door. But it was even so. During the night the deadly folding-bed upon which they slept slipped its anchor, fetched loose from its moorings—or whatever you may call it—and, closing up like a jackknife, enveloped the sleeping couple in its fatal folds. The muffled groans of Mr. BAKER alarmed the household, and, hastening to the rescue, the children literally snatched him from the jaws of death. Mrs. BAKER, however, was beyond succor. Thus the *Morning Advertiser* chronicles the deadly work. The moral to this narrative is this: Ye who are the fortunate possessors of folding-beds look well to the anti-folding up machinery, or your bookcase, or piano, or buffet may prove as effectual as electrocution.

Of all the examples of slavish, sickening and revolting British snobbery this is the worst, as per announcement in all the leading London papers: "The Committee of the Royal Female School of Art have, in consequence of the death of the Duke of CLARENCE, decided to postpone until next year the Exhibition of Students' Works which was to have been held from February 1st to the 18th in the Galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colors, Piccadilly." And the students who have been working and hoping and fearing? No thought for them? Oh, no! the slaves of the committee want to show their abject, unwholesome zeal where royalty is concerned. Pah! Is there no one student bold enough to challenge this cringing decision?

MANY strange things are done under the rose, and for example, although the German Emperor resolutely sets his face against the use of everything French, no fewer than five thousand francs' worth of roses from the Riviera were used for the decoration of the room and table on the occasion of the recent christening of

Prince LEOPOLD's child. Thirty-five thousand roses were sent to Berlin, at the cost of fifteen francs a hundred, but the secret of their origin was jealously guarded. A rose will smell as sweet by any other name, whether it be French or German.

GARZA, the Mexican revolutionist, is not by any means "downed." Like the violet, he will return in the spring and keep the sleepy banks of the Rio Grande very wide awake indeed. GARZA was an editor before he took to the field, and editors are hard to kill. The usual carefully-prepared impromptu meeting has been held in the City of Mexico urging the re-election of DIAZ to the Presidential chair. If MANUEL GONZALEZ can be kept quiet, PORFIRIO DIAZ will have a walk-over; but GONZALEZ knows exactly what the Presidency is worth—aye, to a peso.

OUR swells are all flitting to Florida, and berths must be secured a week in advance on the flying expresses to that land of flowers. The question has been raised, "Is Florida healthy?" and "are not the hotels built upon swamps?" A very prominent physician in this city has declared that malaria abideth in Florida, lying in wait for run-down or used-up society people, and will allow none of his patients to repair thither upon any terms. WARD MCALLISTER should see to this at once—at all events he should hold back his One Hundred and Fifty.

A VERY vulgar Englishman has written to an English periodical denouncing the proposition to place a bust of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL in Westminster Abbey, declaring that honor to LOWELL was equivalent to licking Yankee boots. The word "lick," in Great Britain, in connection with "Yankee," was unwise, for "lick" means to thrash. Haven't the English had enough of it?

MR. JAY GOULD has gone on his usual annual jaunt. He will remain away about six weeks, and on his return, play the old game, and the lambs will baa all over the street—shorn. History repeats itself. This programme occurs every year with undeviating punctuality. See!

PARENTS blessed with good, steady and obedient sons should give thanks to Almighty God when they read the unendurable torture inflicted upon a fond father through the vagaries of a willful, worthless youth.

THE *avant courier* of a blizzard is upon us as we go to press. The ices of March have come, and—they have not yet gone.

HOW THINGS turn about! The English society papers are now engaged in announcing that Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE is wintering in America.

THE awards in Contests one, two, and three will be published next week.

FRANK R. STOCKTON'S NOVELETTE,

written specially for ONCE A WEEK, will be given to our subscribers with No. 1, Vol. IX., dated April 12, 1892. It is entitled

"MY TERMINAL MORaine,"

and is in Mr. Stockton's merriest, maddest vein.

This story will be the story of the year, and will create a sensation.

Mr. Stockton's Novelette will be followed by a novel specially written for ONCE A WEEK by

MR. JOHN HABBERTON,

AUTHOR OF

"HELEN'S BABIES."

Further announcements will be made from week to week on this page.

The publisher is engaged in making arrangements with the foremost

AMERICAN AUTHORS

for special novels for the subscribers of ONCE A WEEK.

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A DREAM AND A DELUSION.
SHE—"This hat is a perfect dream."
HE—"And the bill was a nightmare."

SOME INTERNATIONAL MATCHES.

PAST, PRESENT AND TO COME.

By M. CROFTON.

THE recent marriages of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld and Miss Mitchell, and of Count Festetics and Miss Haggin, have aroused fresh interest in the question of international marriages; and, as the scramble of American girls for titled foreigners seems to be on the increase, it has occurred to me that a passing glance at the more notable international matches of the last few years may not be without some interest.

Without going back to the time of the beautiful Miss Catons, of Baltimore, who married the Duke of Leeds, the Marquis of Wellesley and Lord Stafford, respectively, perhaps the most notable and certainly the most talked about of these marriages was that of the Duke of Marlborough and Mrs. Louis C. Hamersley, which took place under peculiar circumstances in 1888. At the time it was said that Mrs. Hamersley was the richest woman in the United States, which was absurd. For it is well known that her first husband desired, if possible, to prevent her remarrying after his death, so all he left her was a life interest in his estate, which will revert to the son of his cousin, Hooker Hamersley, if he has one. Up to date he has had three daughters, so that the Duke only enjoys what the Duchess likes to give him out of her income, which is now estimated at one hundred thousand dollars a year. So, again, when Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts married Colonel Vivian, various rumors filled the air as to the extent of her fortune, which, after all, like that of the Duchess, is only a "life interest." It will be ultimately divided between her son, who is now thirteen, and the granddaughter of Mr. Roberts, Miss Van Wart, whom, it is asserted, has indignantly denied the report of her engagement to the Duke of Norfolk. In the meantime she has an income from it of something like forty thousand dollars a year, besides the use during her life of two houses and all the plate, jewels and pictures, but none of it can by any chance go to Colonel Vivian. She was formerly Miss Sarah Endicott, the daughter of John Endicott, of Salem, Mass., and lineal descendant of John Endicott, who came over in the *Mayflower*.

It was when returning from Europe, in 1874, that she met Marshall O. Roberts, who was returning with the body of Mrs. Roberts, his second wife, who had died some months before abroad. He was well known as an art patron, and at his home on the corner of Fifth avenue and Eighteenth street he had one of the notable art galleries of this city. One of the paintings, "Napoleon on Fontainebleau," by Delaroche, was greatly desired by Napoleon III., who made an offer, it is said, of twenty-five thousand dollars.

It was to this home Mr. Roberts brought his bride; and it became the center of many brilliant festivities until the death of Mr. Roberts, which took place at Saratoga in 1880. After Mr. Roberts's death his wife devoted herself to her child—a boy, born in 1878, and named for his father—until 1884, when she resumed her place in the world. About three years since she was engaged to the Earl of Arran, an impecunious Irish widower; but the financial side of the matter not proving satisfactory to his lordship, the marriage fell through. The Earl did not consider the allowance she was willing to give him a big enough figure for his title, and he probably did not have as much confidence in the longevity of Mrs. Roberts as the Duke of Marlborough did in the continued health and strength of Mrs. Hamersley.

Regarded solely from a commercial standpoint, it must

those British people who have been unkind to his American Duchess. In this article he declares that the American woman "has a natural quickness for appreciating the characters of the men around her, and she takes infinitely more trouble, and in some respects greater interest all round, than the English woman displays. The bright, cheery girl remains the gay, carefully-dressed married woman, who is always trying to show herself off quietly to the best advantage; and she understands the art perfectly among all classes of the people."

When Consuelo Yznaga, the lovely daughter of Señor Antonio Yznaga del Valle, of Ravenswood, La., and the belle of New York society fifteen years ago, married Lord Mandeville, her friends held up their hands in horror at the mere thought of her uniting herself with such a fellow; yet there was an element of romance in this marriage which is altogether absent in the commercial arrangement by which Mrs. Hamersley became Duchess of Marlborough. Lord Mandeville, or, as he now is, Duke of Manchester, came over here, and American society, with the same liking for lords which is apparent to-day, received him with open arms. Mrs. Yznaga invited him out to see them at a little house they had in Orange, and while the visit was in progress the guest fell ill, and his illness was so serious as to make removal from the house impossible. He was ordered to bed by the doctors, and Miss Yznaga nursed him throughout a long and tedious illness. In the course of her attentions to him as a nurse, it is said that a genuine affection for the patient began to grow up in her mind, which was duly reciprocated by the patient, and so they were married. But the course of true love does not always run smooth, as experience has already oftentimes proved, and for some years past her noble husband has been living on the earnings of Bessie Bellwood, a loud and vulgar music-hall singer. At the funeral of his father, a little over a year ago, he and the present Duchess met for the first time in some years. The fair Bessie was also present. The Duchess offered her husband the chance of returning to her, saying that she would have more money and be able to care for him, whereupon Bessie Bellwood is reported to have said that she was earning twice as much yearly as the sum the Duchess named, and that, consequently, she was the better able to support him of the two. He went with Bessie Bellwood, but subsequently left her, and now Miss Bellwood says he owes her money, and she means to have it. The case will shortly come on for trial; meanwhile Miss Bellwood has the sympathy of the notorious Marquis of Ailesbury.

(To be continued.)

THE ATHLETIC WORLD.

This week will see the baseball magnates, in all their glory, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. They will do some important legislation in baseball matters, and some lively hustling may be promised for dates.

"Dirty" ball-playing and noisy coaching should be eliminated from the game this season.

Sharrot, the great young pitcher of the Giants, feels confident that his arm is all right again. This improves the New York team's chances materially.

If Anson has the grip, as is reported, he will have to hire a boy to stoop down and pick up the ball for him. The grip has a great record for extracting oil from the human joints.

The Intercollegiate Athletic Association met last week. Victor Mapes, of Columbia, presided.

he said that Mrs. Hamersley made a bad bargain when she married the Duke of Marlborough, for she has never succeeded in establishing herself satisfactorily in English society. Naturally, Lady Blandford, the Duke's first wife, has done everything in her power to "freeze out" the new Duchess, and as her family is about the most influential in the kingdom, Mrs. Hamersley is decidedly "out of it."

His grace, who is now seven-and-forty, is a small, wiry-built, copper-complexioned man with a fringe of abnormally black hair and a sparse goatee, and enjoys the distinction of having set the fashion of bracelet-wearing among men. The part which he played in the Aylesford and Campbell divorce cases need not be recalled here. He is really a man of brilliant parts and acute intelligence, who once had the courage to pick a quarrel with the Prince of Wales, and at the time of his accession to the title enjoyed the distinction of being the only member of the House of Lords who was an avowed advocate of Home Rule. He is better known as a connoisseur of orchids than as a politician, though he has lately turned his attention to writing articles for the Reviews, including such diverse topics as art criticism, electricity and trotting-horses. Some short time ago he condescended to visit this country, and reported to the British public in glowing terms on the coal and resources of Alabama. He also wrote a remarkable article on "Public Morals and Private Life," apropos of the O'Shea case, and still more recently has published a paper on American women, in which he takes quiet revenge in

And now, C. C. Hughes denies that he will accept the presidency of the Metropolitan Association, vacated by Mathewson. He scorns the idea that the Metropolitan Athletic Club would retire from the American Athletic Union if he were not given the position.

The Bank Clerk's Athletic Association, which started out so auspiciously last season, is said to be on its last legs from the old cause—bad management. Mr. Dimse, however, denies this.

Hjertberg, the great long-distance runner of the New Jersey Athletic Club, on Saturday, February 27th, reduced the record for the one thousand yards by one-fifth of a second, at the joint athletic meeting of the Prospect Harriers and Company E of the Forty-seventh Regiment, held in the latter's armory. There are many who thought that Hjertberg's days as a great runner were over, but this proves to the contrary. He was scratch man, and weeded out a whole field.

The much-talked-of match between Captain Bogardus, the champion wing shot, and George Rexroat took place at Virginia, Ill., on Thursday, February 25th. The captain was defeated by a score of 92 to 83. Mr. Rexroat's best shooting was 42 straight to the captain's 18. One hundred live pigeons a side were used and five traps, with a thirty yards' rise. The shooting was for a purse of one hundred dollars, the Bogardus medal and the gate receipts.

The annual games of the Interscholastic Athletic Association were recently held. T. L. Bogert, of the Berkely School, lowered the Interscholastic record for the mile walk by five seconds.

Chairman Atwater, of the Racing Board of the League of American Wheelmen, is likely to have the wrath of the magnates brought down on him in relation to the recent sudden suspension and reinstatement of Zimmerman. He will probably have to retire gracefully, as he has placed the League in a false position.

The Madison Square Garden bicycle tournament and cycle exhibit, opened on Saturday night, March 5th. The racing and long-distance riding were good, and the largest manufacturers in the country entered exhibits similar to the ones lately held in Philadelphia.

Fred Osmond, the English crack, will not visit this country this year, after all. He and other English riders are making all sorts of excuses over the unfeeling action of some of our wheelmen last year in lowering several English records by one and two seconds. They are trying to explain it away on the climate, but it won't go.

Captain Welch, of the Wissahickon wheelmen, has distinguished himself by riding the enormous distance of 12,553 miles during last season.

The yachting men are already beginning to overhaul their boats for the approaching season. Commodore Morgan, the owner of the so-far peerless *Gloriana*, is a firm believer in yachtsman overhauling their boats early in the season, and quotes as an example that, before the ice was off the bay last year, he had his boats in stays, and by the time that the racing season commenced the captain and crew were familiar with all her little tricks, the sails were bent, the crew had got together, etc., while this all had to be done on the other boats, thus losing a lot of valuable time. The only worthy competitor that the *Gloriana* will have this season seems to be the *Wasp*, which the Herreshoffs have nearly completed for Archibald Rogers. She is a forty-six footer, and is supposed to be an improvement on Commodore Morgan's boat. Charlie Barr will do the head-work; also will hold the tiller in all her coming races, so that she will be sure of being well handled.

The bowling clubs have been very lively of late, and the added charm of the presence of the ladies serves to encourage the men to better work. They have also been rolling up some high scores lately, and the men had better look to their laurels.

The details of the greatest water-pole event of the season, the series of three games between the Manhattan and New York Athletic Clubs for the championship, have been arranged. They were both beaten by the Metropoles, of Providence, in the tank of the latter; but present indications seem to point to the Mannhattans as the probable winners. The first game will be played on March 19th, at the Manhattan tank; the next on the 25th, at the New York Athletic Club; and the third on April 1st, at some place to be decided on later.

The programme for the Amateur Fencing Championships is as follows: Sabers and dueling-swords, March 16th, at Fencer's Club, New York; foils, March 18th, at New York Athletic Club; finals, March 23d, at the Berkely Lyceum.

Bob Fitzsimmons, the tall Australian, scored a fresh triumph on Wednesday night, March 2d, in the presence of ten thousand persons, at the Olympic Club, New Orleans, when he defeated Peter Maher, the champion pugilist of Ireland, in twelve rounds for a purse of ten thousand dollars.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE Diner-out and the Dinnerless is one of those scenes which is witnessed daily within the walls of a great city. The elderly, well-dressed man, on his way to a swell dinner, is accosted by a seedy young fellow whose pinched features denote cruel hunger, but whose bearing betrays lineage. Will the swell help him to a dinner, and perhaps save him from destruction, or hand him over to the police?—(See front page.)

A LENTEN Lecture speaks for itself. The æsthetic girl engaged in reading has gathered her friends to her parlors to listen to—perhaps Tennyson (Browning, more likely) and, when the reading is over, she will invite discussion. But few of her friends are engaged in listening to her, as our illustration shows, while fewer still will enter the debate. However, *quærens sabbatum*?—(See page 5.)

THE Dog Show has come and gone, and the dear, dainty dogs, from the great, rugged mastiff to the tiny toy terrier, are back to their respective homes, some with prizes, but all highly prized by their respective owners.—(See page 8.)



LENTENTIDE. A MORNING READING FOR YOUNG LADIES.

A PILGRIM SONG.

BY SUSANNA J.

Must we always wear our armor?
Will the struggle never cease?
Is the warfare never-ending
Till Death's angel brings us peace?
Must we barter life for nothing,
And then idly mourn our fate,
Scorning still the load we carry
While we bend beneath its weight?
Thus in discontent I murmur
When my heart is sorely vexed—
When my faith has lost its vigor
By a thousand doubts perplexed.

Yet not always thus repining
Is the language of my soul—
There are brighter, gladder seasons,
When I view the wished-for goal—
When with glad anticipation
All my spirit springs elate,
As when Christian from the mountains
Saw the light of Zion's gate—
Saw the pastures fair and pleasant,
Eden's bow'rs of endless rest,
And went singing on his journey,
Of a surer hope possess.

Ah, we stand in need of courage!
For the fight is hard and long,
And from duty's narrow pathway
Tempting ways would lead us wrong.
Constant need we have for watching,
E'en when smiling scenes surround:
Siren voices would beguile us
To some fair, enchanted ground;
Worldly cares and hopes and strivings—
Petty sins in little things—
Still they hold us back from Heaven,
Still they clog our soaring wings.

But how pleasant are the seasons
When the prize we hope to win
Shines with clear, resplendent beauty
Through the shades of doubt and sin—
When our hearts feel brave and willing
For the tasks before them laid,
And can dare the pow'rs of darkness
That would make them sore afraid!
Looking upward from the billows
That around us rage and foam,
Faith can see the shining beacon
Which will guide us safely home.

MILLIONS IN ATTICS.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.



None of the smallest, most dingy and tumble-down streets in the city of New York there is gathered together fifty times more wealth than in any other commercial thoroughfare in the United States. The place is not even known to New Yorkers as a "street," for it is too squalid in appearance for that. It is called the "Lane," though its proper designation is Maiden Lane.

It is not far from Wall Street, and, commencing at Broadway,

runs down to the East River. But Maiden Lane preserves the character which makes it notable only along the middle portion of it; or, in other words, for a distance of three or four blocks. Here its buildings look like rookeries; they are nearly all wooden, squat, old-fashioned and rickety in appearance; in some of them the valuables in which they deal are shown in the lower windows, but, for the rest, the stranger passing down the Lane would never take the trouble to look at one of them. In short, this is the great diamond-distributing point of the United States, the place, in fact, from which all the enormous transactions in every kind of precious stones are conducted each year.

I made a visit to the Lane a few days ago, so that I might be able to describe it accurately for ONCE A WEEK. I found most of the great diamond rookeries on the left-hand side of the Lane as I walked from Broadway toward the East River. All the way down through the diamond district it was as quiet and devoid of apparent traffic and bustle as it would be in any village street. Here were no prancing and pawing horses, no wagons, no heavy bales along the sidewalk, no straining and tugging of men. Sleek dealers, with swift step, went into the buildings, and I noticed many coming out carrying small boxes with great care under their arms.

"Is this a diamond house?" I asked of one who brushed past me. "Yes; want to do business there? I am going in myself. Come along up." I followed him in the main door, and found myself in a hallway that was quite in keeping with the outside of the structure. A narrow stairway, old, yellowed and battered by time, and very crooked, led up to the wealthy dealer in precious stones; each step creaked as we placed foot upon it; there was a network of cobwebs in every corner and cranny, and the boxwork of the stairs was close to our faces as we ascended. "Isn't this a very ramshackle sort of place?" I asked my companion. "Oh, no; they are all much like this; most of them worse." But the reader will get a better idea of the place by looking at the proper drawing. When I reached the head of the stairway I thought that I should see at



MAIDEN LANE.

least costly-looking rooms in spite of the exterior, but I found what the illustration shows, nothing but a bald office with an old wooden railing or balustrade, and containing inside a small-sized safe, an ordinary oak desk and a couple of modest chairs. My companion stood outside of the railing and asked the proprietor, who was the only one visible in the offices, what he had to show in diamonds, rubies, pearls and what not. This called forth the enthusiasm of the old dealer, and, after he had described his stock, he hastened to the safe and took from it about a half-dozen small boxes. In some of these were probably over fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewels. I visited a score or more of the other dealers and found them all much the same.

One dealer in the Lane, who gives much attention to statistics in precious stones and jewelry, said in reply to certain questions: "We do not depend for protection, in our business, on the police or regular detectives. We subscribe a general fund and maintain our own force. Moreover, it is impossible to tamper with our safes as they are all connected by one electric system, so that it is impossible to go near one of them after regular hours without making an alarm."

"As to the number of precious stones in the United States, I should say that there are more in this country, according to its population, than anywhere else in the whole world. The value of these stones I could not state with precision, but it would not be a cent less than five hundred million dollars. You know that these precious stones do not break or wear out, as a rule, so they are kept year after year, and we people in the Lane who do the importing and distributing for the country can estimate the general business year by year. Nearly every woman in this country, from the poorest shopgirl up to the wife of the millionaire, yearns to have rings with precious stones in them upon her fingers or in her ears."

"The stones most prized are diamonds, and, next to these, sapphires, because of their sparkle. People who are connoisseurs in jewelry and who can afford to pay high

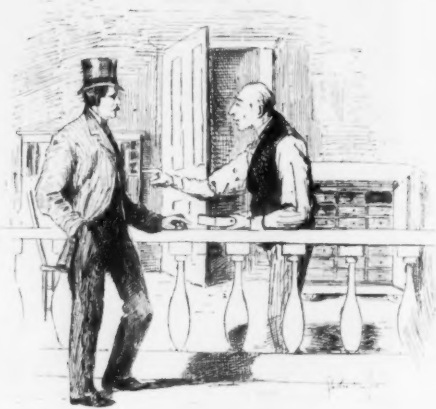


prices for stones, prefer pearls just now, and they pay almost fabulous prices for them. We sold one of the Vanderbilt ladies, the other day, a pair of pearl earrings for which we received eight hundred dollars. But the stones came from Pekin.

"We do not cut many diamonds or other stones in Maiden Lane; that is all done abroad. It will sometimes

take an expert lapidary from three months to a year to cut all the facets on a diamond that make it blaze; so you will see that, provided the stone itself is not off-color, it is the cutting that gives it its chief value."

"But there is a tremendous number of stones that are not real bought in this country every year. The French, as you know, call these *pierrres d'imitation*, and the Germans *Rhein Kiesel*, the latter being Rhinestones. These pass as real diamonds on more than a million of women in this country every year. Rich women, like the Astors, Vanderbilts, Havermeyers, Goelets, Rhinelanders and others, put their jewels away in safes and use the imitation stones. They do this to be free from the pickpockets that are to be found even at the most fashionable balls in New York."



There is a vast deal of smuggling done in precious stones in the port of New York. Persons have been known to carry thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds, rubies, pearls and other gems ashore from steamers, having them in their mouths, in the lining of their hats, or stowed away in the seams of their clothes. A diamond-dealer's traveling agent often has in the little box which he carries suspended from his shoulder by a strap thirty thousand dollars' worth of jewels. Some of these jewel-dealers were murdered in silent places in the past when making their semi-annual business trips, but now they all go well armed and are more wary.



THE BABY'S FIRST WORDS.

AFTER the baby has been emancipated from the dresses that are about a yard longer than himself, and has reached that period of his existence during which he derives such perfect satisfaction in the gluttonous mastification of a hollow rubber ring, the fond mother tries in every way to get a word from him. She asks him various questions in the fond hope of being able to get an answer; and, long before the child can really talk, his mother regards him as quite a conversationalist. She imagines he understands every word she utters because he smiles pleasantly and kicks his rosy, dimpled feet, and thrusts his fingers into his mouth as though to inform her of the unpleasant fact that his words are properly formed but that he cannot enunciate them, owing to the fact that his happy inclination is, so to speak, rudely defeated by a poverty of teeth. Of course his teeth are, figuratively speaking, gayly budding; but they make him anything but gay, and that is probably the reason that he never feels in the right humor to attempt a protracted conversation.

But the mother understands his laughing monosyllables perfectly, and can explain them with perfect satisfaction to herself. If, upon having a flock of chickens pointed out to him, he almost leaps from the nurse's arms, and laughingly shouts "Goo, goo, goo!" his mother knows he really says:

"What pretty bantams those are to lay little eggs, just the size for a baby. After I have my bath and morning nap I want to go out in the garden and play with them, and on rainy days I think I might have them come into the nursery to play with me."

Of course the mother is a skillful baby mind-reader. Just let the baby give a sharp shriek, which cannot be printed, because it is not in the dictionary and no one knows just how to spell it and at the same time give anything like an intelligible idea of it as regards pronunciation. But when the baby gives this shriek, which generally

rattles the glassware on the buffet, the mother flies to the child's assistance, for she well knows the meaning of that shriek in all its wild intensity, in all its shades and phases of coloring. She translates it in an instant, and this is her free translation:

"Come quick, mamma, there is an angry pick sticking into me to the very head, and I wish you would kindly remove it and put it where it will do the most good, which I think is in the pin-cushion on the bureau yonder."

When the baby begins one of his thousand and one daily symphonies, while lying in the cradle, the mother knows just when it is a song of pain and when it is not. To all but her it is, to be sure, a song without words. To her it is all words, though rendered through the medium of song. And she has to smile at the expense of the baby, because she knows that he is not aware of the fact that she understands all he says and sings. How provoked he would be if he for a moment thought she knew him to be caroling:

"There is nothing the matter with me at all, except that I am too lazy to go to sleep, and would like to be put to sleep by the walking or rocking process. I am a little tyrant, and also a little lotus-eater, and I look upon everyone in the house as my slave. If they all love me so much they must wait on me. And just now I want to be held over the nurse's shoulder, and patted on the back, and walked to sleep."

When the baby can say "papa" and "mamma" his parents are justly proud of him, and regard him as a little man. And, when he surprises them by calling them by their Christian names, they look upon him as a humorist. At this blissful period the parents become a great bore to all their acquaintances, because they never fail to remember all the stupid remarks of the baby, which they regard as gems of wit and wisdom.

When a caller is at the house in the afternoon the mother hurries through the small talk which is usually indulged in upon such an occasion that she may repeat some of the small talk of the small head of the house. "Do you know what Tommy said this morning?" asks the fond, smiling mother.

When the caller assures her that she hasn't the faintest idea of what Tommy said, the mother says:

"Well, you know he saw me winding the clock on the dining-room mantelpiece, and, as quick as a flash, he ran over and commenced turning the door-key, and told me he was winding the door."

The caller pronounces this very cute, and the mother is so overjoyed at this favorable indorsement of her opinion of Tommy's natural humor that she feels encouraged to relate another of his lively sallies.

The caller is full of smiles of exultant expectation when the mother begins:

"The other day Mrs. Johnson called, and, as luck would have it, her French poodle followed her, and she found it impossible to send him home. As soon as Tommy saw the French poodle, who is a mass of tangled hair, he asked her if it wasn't a great deal of trouble to do his hair up in papers every night."

The father of the child also bothers the life out of every friend he meets or with whom he comes in contact at the office by repeating all the sayings of the youngster at home. And the parents soon find that they have to be very careful what they say in his baby presence, because the baby seems to have quite as high an opinion of their

humor as they have of his. And he will repeat their sayings very often at places and upon occasions when he should remain silent; and the parents are not at all pleased to learn that he appreciates their humor so keenly. This was the case when a certain very small boy said to a certain Mr. Smith when the latter was at the house to dine:

"Mr. Smith, I heard papa tell mamma the other day that you are a regular old dead beat!"

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.



WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

THE case of Edward M. Horner against the United States was decided in the Supreme Court, on February 29th, in favor of the respondent. Horner, who sold Austrian florin bonds, in which there was a lottery feature, was tried and convicted in Illinois under the Anti-Lottery Act. The constitutional point was raised that, as Horner's circulars were mailed in New York, he could not be tried in Illinois, where they were received.

The appointment of Thomas Steele as receiver of the street railway company by Judge Taylor, of the Superior Court, is considered as practically ending the strike of street-car employees at Indianapolis. The strikers celebrated the appointment of Steele with a parade, headed by a band.

It has been decided by the Ladies' Aid Association of St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, to erect a bronze tablet in the new wing of the hospital in memory of the late Bishop Loughlin.

The Standard Oil Company has been declared to be illegal. The suit under which the decision was reached was brought, over two years ago, in the courts of Ohio by Attorney-General Watson of that State.

Thirty-five claims against Chili, aggregating \$30,065,000, were filed, February 29th, in Washington by the Baltimore's sailors.

Biddeford, Me., boasts of a cat that drinks coffee every morning with the family, preferring that beverage to milk. The breeding and sale of coon-cats is an established industry in Waldo County, and a considerable revenue is derived from the trade in the handsome kittens.

Jack-rabbits are becoming a very annoying pest in some parts of the State of Washington. They are causing great damage to orchards this winter, and are increasing every year. Measures for the extermination of the jack-rabbits, such as have been used against sparrows, coyotes and other pests in various regions, are under consideration.

The contracts for the warships *Montgomery*, the *Detroit* and the *Marblehead* call for a water-line belt of cellulose or other material designed to prevent the flow of water through the holes made by hostile shot.

The new Catholic Club in Fifty-ninth street was opened with great éclat on Monday night, February 29th. The house is a magnificent one. On Shrove Tuesday night the ladies took a peep at it, and then danced and pancaked.

The eighty-second birthday of Pope Leo XIII. was celebrated in Cooper Union on Wednesday, March 2d, by a public demonstration, under the direction of the Catholic Workmen's Benevolent Union. The big hall in the basement was crowded.

Secretary Foster is now sojourning in the south of France, and already reports himself as feeling much better.

Bryant Park is likely to be selected as a site for the new municipal buildings. The old reservoir must go—somehow.

The Sao Paulo Railway lines in Brazil are unable to move the coffee crop for lack of fuel, as, since the fever scare at Santos, coal carriers have refused charters for that port from Newcastle, Newport News and Pensacola, and the local deposits are already exhausted.

A new association of iron and steel manufacturers, representing thirty firms in Pittsburgh and the Ohio Valley, and employing nearly forty thousand men, has been organized.

President Harrison and gunning party arrived at Virginia Beach from Ragged Island after two days' excellent sport. The President has been elected a life honorary member of the Ragged Island Association.

Ex-Senator Ingalls has declined an offer of \$10,000 a year to become the editor of a new local afternoon newspaper to be published in Kansas City.



IN THE SWEET BY-AND-BY.

DR. THIRDLY—"Of course, you can't expect your wife to be an angel."

EXPECT—"No; but it is a great comfort to think that she will be by-and-by."

Dr. P. J. Hennessy, lately elected city physician at Savannah, Ga., has been invited by the Irish party to return to Ireland and stand for Parliament. He is a relative of the late Sir John Pope Hennessy, and he has been cabled for to contest the seat for North Kilkenny.

Postmaster Van Cott, of New York, has been notified by the Post-Office Department that circulars, the reading matter in which is reproduced by mechanical process in such close imitation of typewriting that it cannot readily be distinguished therefrom, may not be sent by mail at "printed matter" rate, but must be prepaid as letters.

EASTERN HEMISPHERE.

THE number of men out of work in Vienna is forty thousand.

Over three hundred thousand Germans are preparing to leave the Volga provinces of Russia for the United States.

On March 12th four hundred thousand English miners will simultaneously stop work, their object being to compel railways and other large corporations using much fuel, together with the public generally, to pay better prices in order that the current rate of wages may be raised.

It has just become known that the police discovered a plot to murder the Czar while he was on his way to the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, on the river Neva, upon the occasion of the funeral, on January 29th, of the Grand Duke Constantine, uncle of the Czar. A number of military and naval officers, two of whom have since committed suicide, were concerned in the conspiracy.

The police of Barcelona have discovered a plot of the Anarchists to blow up with dynamite the office of the German Consul-General in that city, R. Lindau.

A French company is now building a street-car line in Tashkend, the capital of Russian Turkestan, where, not very many years ago, any white man who had visited the place would have lost his head.

A new viaduct over the River Lea, in Bolivia, for the Antofagasta Railroad, is described as the highest viaduct in the world. It is 2,833 feet above the sea-level, and the height of the viaduct above the river is 4,008 feet. It is 10,497 feet long, the highest pillar is 3,736 feet and the weight of the structure is 9,115 tons.

The Executive Committee of the Commission on Austrian Exhibits at the World's Fair has requested Herr Poltschek to go to Chicago to arrange for space for Austria. The committee is about to issue a general appeal to manufacturers and others to prepare for representation at the Fair.

The physical health of Ferdinand de Lesseps is good, but his mind is enfeebled. He can hardly recognize his old friends, and is unable to keep up a sustained conversation.

The report that Emperor William will visit the World's Fair is denied.

Immigration into Queensland is to be prohibited shortly on account of the large number of people unemployed in the colony.

Bishop Kopp, of the Catholic diocese of Breslau, has received three hundred and twenty-one petitions, signed by one hundred and sixty thousand Poles residing in Silesia, entreating that the Polish language be permitted in the schools of that province.

The late Charles Stewart Parnell's Avondale home and estate in the County Wicklow, the garden of Ireland, are to be sold at auction. The timber has already been cut down.

The Greek Cabinet, the Prime Minister of which was M. Delyannie, has resigned. M. Tricoups has been summoned to form a Cabinet.

It is announced that the *Cologne Gazette* is to be prosecuted for *Lèse Majesté* on the ground that it published an article commenting in a disloyal manner upon Emperor William's Brandenburg speech.

The Women's Committee on the Chicago Fair in London has held its first meeting. The Princess Christian of Teck presided. Two sub-committees were appointed, one on art and another on various divisions of women's work.

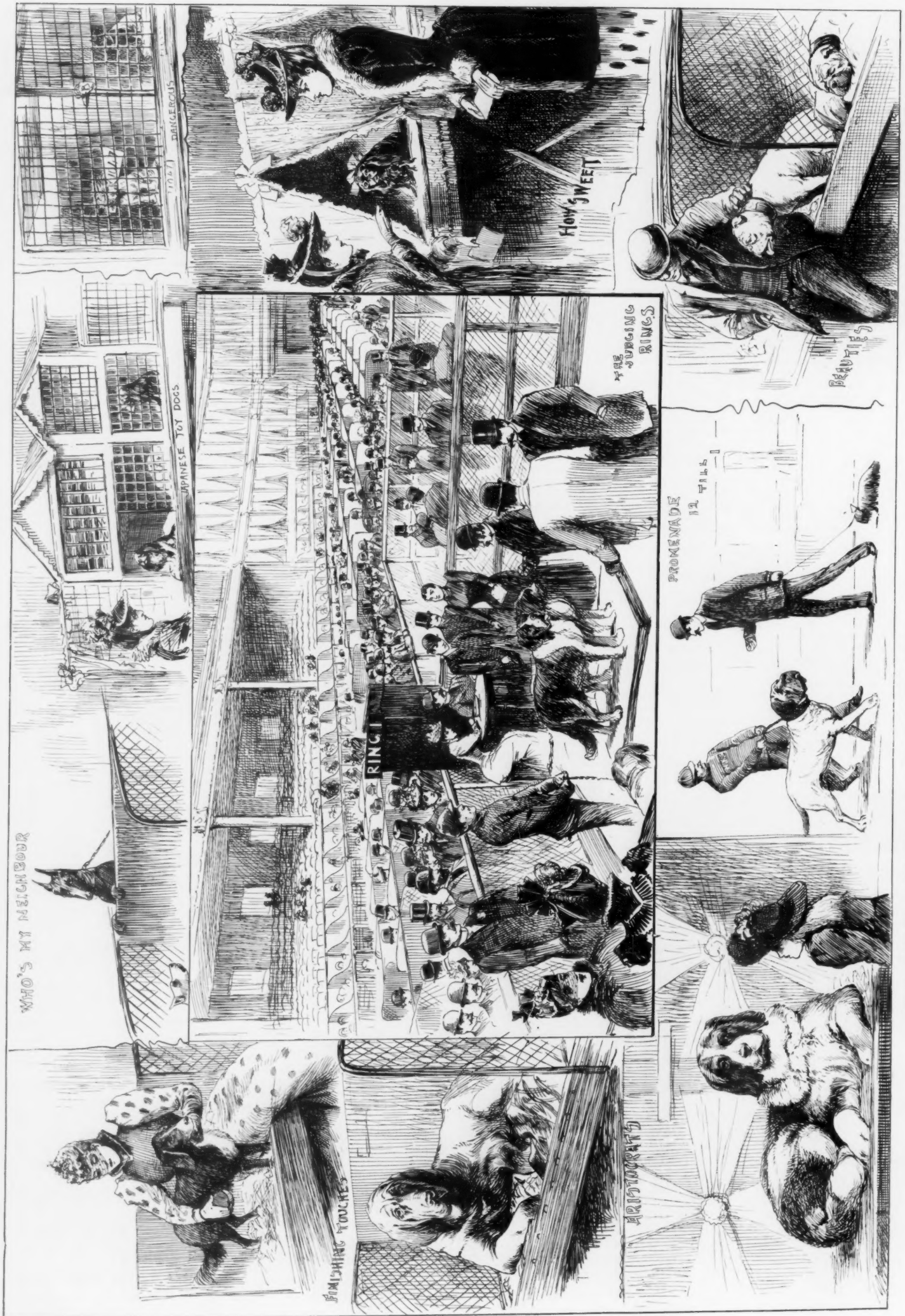
Count Tolstoi, the Russian novelist, has been peremptorily ordered by the Czar to stop talking about the starving peasants.



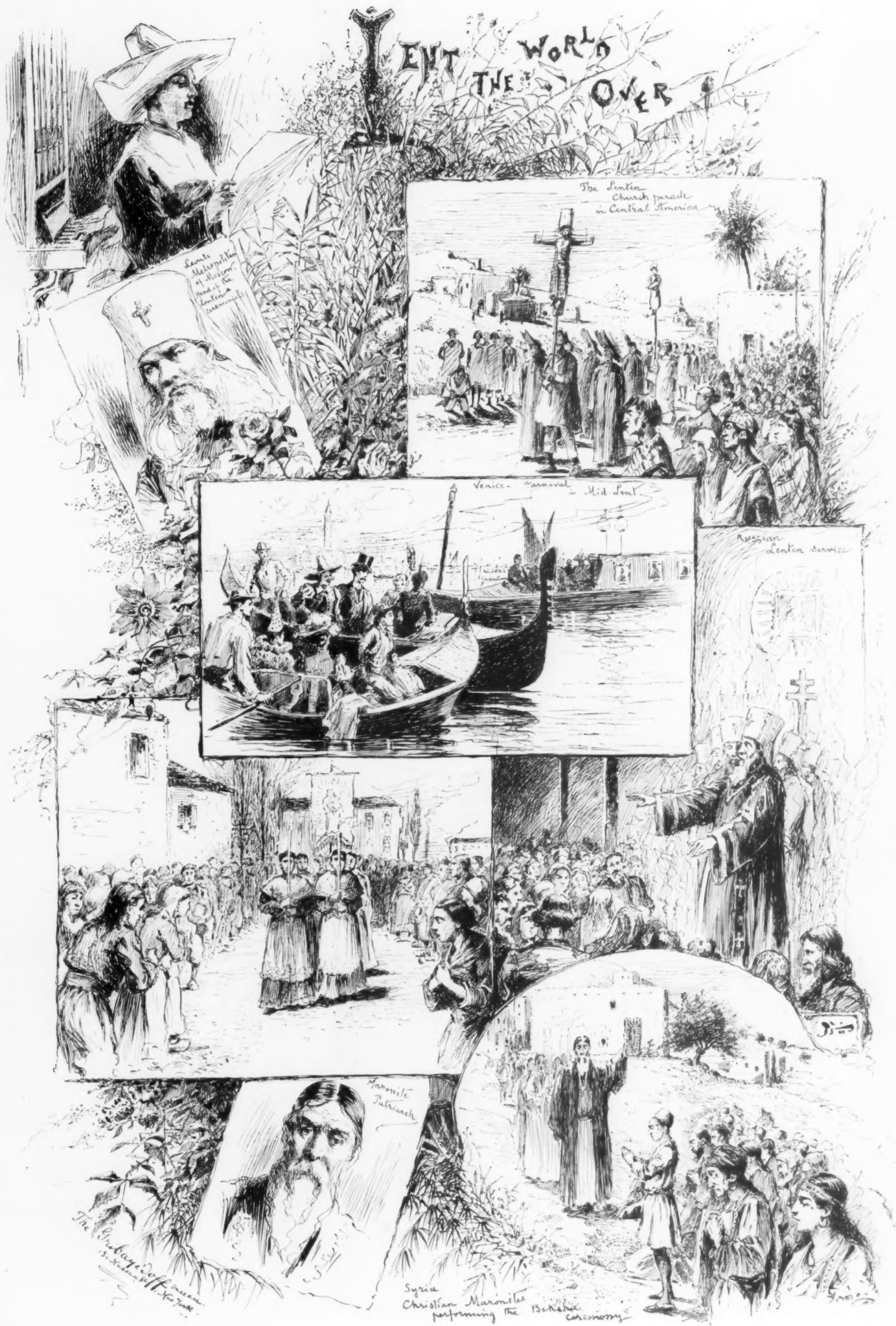
DEPENDENT GEORGE.

ETHEL—"Do say yes, papa. George can't live without me."

CLOSET—"I doubt if he could without me."



NEW YORK—SCENES AT THE RECENT DOG SHOW, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN



LENT THE WORLD OVER

The Lenten Church parade in Central America

Venice - Carnival - Mid Lent

Russian Lenten service

Syrian Patriarch

Syria Christian Maronites performing the Bekheh ceremony

The Pope's Lenten service

THE ROMANCE OF A MAD-HOUSE.

BY ALICE MAUD MEADOWS.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED).



HE girl's opinion coinciding with my own, I of course at once thought her a person of very superior intellect. Perhaps others may have noticed a like tendency on their own part. And yet, if this old man had loved the lady secretary, and murdered his master from jealousy, to prevent his marrying her, he would surely not have put the incriminating blood-stains upon the girl's dressing-gown or have taken the ring from her dressing-table and put it in the old man's room. I mentioned this to Miss Flint.

"No, of course not," she said; "I see that myself. And if I hadn't been that upset at the trial, and no more use than a deaf adder in the witness-box, goodness knows how I should have explained it. If Mr. Croft did the murder, someone else dabbled Miss Moore's dressing-gown in the blood; and the only someone I can think of is Mrs. Towlinson. She was very fond of him. She goes to see him now, they say. She would sooner have seen Miss Moore swing than him; but she worked like a galley-slave to get her off. I never saw a woman change so as she did when she heard the verdict: she turned as old as her old grandmother, if she has got one, which I can't say at this moment."

"Was she fond of Miss Moore?" I asked.

"She was fond of her in one way, sir; she liked her beautiful playing and singing, her beautiful face was a pleasure to her; but she was jealous of her, which was natural, perhaps. She was everything to the master and Mr. Croft before Miss Moore came, so I have heard, and then she was almost nothing."

I thought I must draw my interview to a close; but first I must ask one more question.

"From what you knew of Miss Moore," I asked, "do you think it likely that she committed the murder?"

"I would take my dying oath that she did not!" the girl answered, with great fervor. "If ever there was an angel upon this earth, it was Miss Moore. I don't know, of course, sir, if you are trying to free her; but if you are, I'll do anything in the world I can to help you; and so will Hemma, I'm sure. And in case you should ever want us, I'll give you the addresses where we shall be found in a day or two."

I thanked her heartily, and I took the addresses; they might be of no use to me, I might never want to see the fair maidens again; but, upon the other hand, I might. I wished them both luck in the married state, and then I took my leave of them.

Things seemed more hopelessly entangled than ever. One of the maids, at least, suspected the confidential servant of the crime; and Mrs. Towlinson of having known of it after it was committed, and of having been instrumental in throwing the blame upon Miss Moore. But, in my own mind, I could not reconcile this action—a dastardly mean one—with what little I knew of Mrs. Towlinson. Still less could I believe that the man, who had most certainly loved her, would have done such a thing. It was a mystery all round, and one to which there seemed no clew. All I could do was to wait patiently, for awhile at least, and see if anything turned up.

I could scarcely go and see Mr. Croft or Mrs. Towlinson yet. There was nothing for it but to be patient; so I attended to my few, my very few, professional duties, and waited very impatiently for something to turn up.

CHAPTER IX.

MRS. TOWLINSON MAKES ME UNEASY.

INCIDENTALLY I must have mentioned my profession to Mrs. Towlinson, for, three days after I had interviewed the late Mr. Grey's servants, she walked into my office. I pushed a yellow-backed novel under "Bullen on Pleading," and rose to receive her. She was looking very handsome, and was beautifully dressed. I thought to myself: "My cold walk at Wood Green was a fortunate one, indeed, for me, if this well-to-do looking woman has come to me as a client."

I shook hands with her heartily, gave her a chair near the fire, and waited to see whether I was to put on a legal or simply a friendly expression.

"I daresay you are surprised to see me," she said, opening a little black bag which she carried. "The fact is," looking round the room, her eyes stopping short at the safe, "I want you to take care of a document for me—my will, in fact." She took a brown-paper parcel from her bag and handed it to me. "Be careful, it is heavy," she said, and blushed a little as she said it.

I wondered why—reached out my hand and took the parcel. It was certainly too heavy to contain only paper; it was sealed

all over, beside being tied up with a string. "I want you to put it somewhere," she said, "where no one will ever see it or touch it; and when I am dead I want you to open it. But I do not wish it opened until I am dead. There are some old jewels in it, and my wishes relative to my funeral, as well as my will."

I got up and put the will on one of the shelves of my safe.

"No one will see it or touch it there," I said. "This is my private safe; no one but myself ever goes to it. May I ask if a lawyer made your will?"

"No," she answered; "I made it myself."

"A dangerous practice," I said. "Don't you know the old saying, 'A man who makes his own will has a fool for his client?' I don't want to persuade you to let me make it; but let some lawyer do so. You don't know what a lot of trouble these non-professional made wills give."

"Mine will give no trouble," she said, her face hardening a little; "and it will be a strange thing if a woman of at least ordinary intelligence could not make her own will."

I smiled a little.

"That is what most people say," I said, as pleasantly as possible; "but you see, Mrs. Towlinson, a will is a very important affair, especially if the testator has much to leave; and people who are not members of the legal profession are apt to make little slips which quite upset their own wishes. I knew of a case where an old lady left nearly all her property to a young girl, then let her witness the will—which of course canceled the legacy. I do not suppose you have done anything so silly as that; still, it is undoubtedly best to let a lawyer do all legal work."

"I have no doubt but that you are right," she said. "Still, there are reasons why I cannot allow anyone but myself to make my will; and I shall trust to you to see that my wishes are carried out."

I, of course, said that I hoped that day would be very far distant; as indeed I did. Who is not sorry when a pleasant, handsome woman, who evidently takes an interest in one, goes over to the great majority?

"I hope so, too," she returned, smiling. "In spite of troubles and regrets—and who has not both?—I find life pleasant enough."

I think she would have been willing to sit by my office-fire and talk with me half the morning, but beautiful, charming as she was, I had no wish for her society. Miss Moore and her dreadful position occupied all my thoughts. I had no time to give to any other woman. I remembered Huzzle's words: "I should find out all I could about Mrs. Towlinson. I should continue to know her, to know her very well. I think I should flirt with her a little; then neglect her a little, to see if she is more than ordinarily jealous;" but I did not, as he now did, half suspect her of the murder, and I was greatly disinclined to take much notice of this woman, who already, I was sure, had taken an unusual fancy to me; she was much older than me, of course, but I had not found that age kills feeling, and I did not wish her to think that I cared for her.

So I showed her by my manner, and by dotting down little notes on my paper as I talked with her, that I was busy, and she rose to go.

"I shall see you again, I hope, Mr. Dickinson," she said; "some evening, perhaps, when you have nothing better to do, you will call upon me."

I thanked her, but I neither promised nor declined, and she looked, I thought, a little disappointed as she left me.

But a woman of Mrs. Towlinson's age, and a widow into the bargain, is not like a young girl: she will make opportunities for seeing a man she has taken a fancy to, if they do not come in the natural course of events; and the day after her visit to my office I received by post two stalls for one of the theaters. There was no note to say from whom they had come, but Mrs. Towlinson was there in a box with a party of friends, and of course, between the acts, I went to speak to her, taking Jack Frost, who admired her immensely, with me; however, as she seemed surprised to see me, I could not very well ask her if she sent the tickets, though I had my suspicions.

"A magnificent woman," Frost said, as we returned to our seats, "and dead nuts on you, Lal, lucky beggar! I wish she would take a fancy to me."

"Don't be a fool, Jack," I said, referring to the first part of his remark; "she is old enough to be my mother."

"Well, she does not think so, anyhow," he returned, but said no more when he saw how distasteful it was to me.

Some days after a new client called upon me on a matter of business—business, too, which might be very profitable to me. Mrs. Towlinson had sent him.

I could not do less than write and thank her; and though it was perfectly unnecessary, she answered my letter by another, asking me two or three trivial questions of law, which she must have known perfectly well, and which I was in common politeness bound to answer; then again she called upon me at the office, again came the mysterious stalls for the theater, and again Mrs. Towlinson was there in a box.

"Why don't you go in and win?" Jack said. "Are you waiting for the Goddess Fortune herself to fall in love with you? What more do you want than a woman who is rich, beautiful and head-over-heels in love with you?"

"Next time I have stalls for the theater," I answered, sternly "I'll not bring you, Jack!"

"What! jealous, old chap?" he said, with a laugh; "then there's hope for her."

A week passed, and I saw no more of Mrs. Towlinson. Every evening, and half the day, I pored over Miss Moore's trial, but no more light was thrown upon the mystery. I still believed Mr. Croft to be guilty, but how was I to bring it home to him? Would it be best to cultivate Mrs. Towlinson, as Huzzle had suggested, though not as he meant, with the hope of bringing the crime home to her, but with the hope that she might in an unguarded moment throw some light upon it. Miss Flint had thought that Mrs. Towlinson knew of it after it was committed, and perhaps had manufactured

the evidence against Miss Moore; had I been a fool to let the fact that Mrs. Towlinson might grow to like me more than I wished stand between the chances of clearing my darling's name? If so, I would be a fool no longer; I would give her no reason to suppose that I cared for her, I would not flirt with her, but I would call upon her.

I did so, and found her out; but the next morning she came to the office.

"I am always unlucky," she said, giving me her hand. "I had been in all day yesterday, and was tired of my own society, so I called upon some friends whom I really care for no more than one generally does care for so-called friends. And then when I was out you came; it was more than disappointing."

"Not half so disappointing for you as for me," I said, as in duty bound.

Her face lighted up.

"Were you really disappointed?" she said. "Then I am not sorry I was out: it will make you value my company more. Does that sound cruel?"

"It sounds like a woman," I answered.

"The words cruelty and woman are synonymous, are they not?"

She laughed lightly.

"I do not think you will ever find them so," she said. "And now, Mr. Dickinson, I am going to take advantage of the fact that I am several years your senior, and ask you if you will care for a seat in a box at the opera which I have taken for to-night?"

I was a little surprised, but I flatter myself that I concealed it; it is not usual for ladies who are very new acquaintances to invite gentlemen to the opera. In the ordinary way I should not have accepted, but I wanted to learn something from Mrs. Towlinson if I could, so said that I should be delighted.

"Dine with me, then, to-night," she said, looking pleased. "I dine at six. You know my address. My landlady—it is apartments I have in Russell Square—has a capital cook. Now, good-bye, or rather *au revoir*."

She held out a well-shaped, well-gloved hand, and as I took it in mine she blushed; and I thought to myself, a little uncomfortably, "I am sure this very charming woman has taken a more than ordinary fancy to me." I thought of Miss Moore, and I hoped not.

I think there is no harder work in the world than to sit in an office waiting for clients who come not; and I was glad when the afternoon was over. At half-past four I left my office, crossed to the inn, made myself a cup of tea, then dressed, wondering to myself what sort of people would make up the four to fill Mrs. Towlinson's box at the theater, and make the party at dinner. I was almost ready when someone knocked at the door of my chambers, and, opening it, I found my office-boy outside.

"Please, sir," he said, "you left the safe open; and, goodness only knows why, but the cat's been up there and rummaged all the papers down on to the floor. I have put them back, though; and here is the key."

I took the key, inwardly anathematizing my own carelessness. Never could I remember having done such a thing before; and so soon after a new client had given me papers to take care of which she certainly considered precious, it was more than ordinarily annoying.

"Thank you, my boy," I said. "I will run over to the office in a moment or two and see that everything is all right. Are you sure that you picked up all the papers?"

"Quite, sir; there was not many of them, only the three old bundles and a new one, very heavy."

"That's all right," I said. "Now, run back to the office, and wait until I come. I shall not be long."

It was quite dark when I went over to my office. In his own room the boy had lighted the lamp, but in mine only a pale, ghostly light strayed in at the window and fell upon the safe. I kicked against something that mewed piteously and sprang out of my way as I crossed the room, put the key in the lock, and opened the safe.

"Shall I bring you a light?" the boy called out from the next room.

For six months I had been drilling him, trying to teach him to come and put his questions to me in a respectful and becoming manner, but it was time thrown away.

(Continued on page 15.)



SUSPICIOUS REBECCA.

IKEY (slipping a ring on her finger)—"Now we're engaged, Rebecca, ain't we?"
REBECCA—"Not till Iader examines the ring, Ikey."

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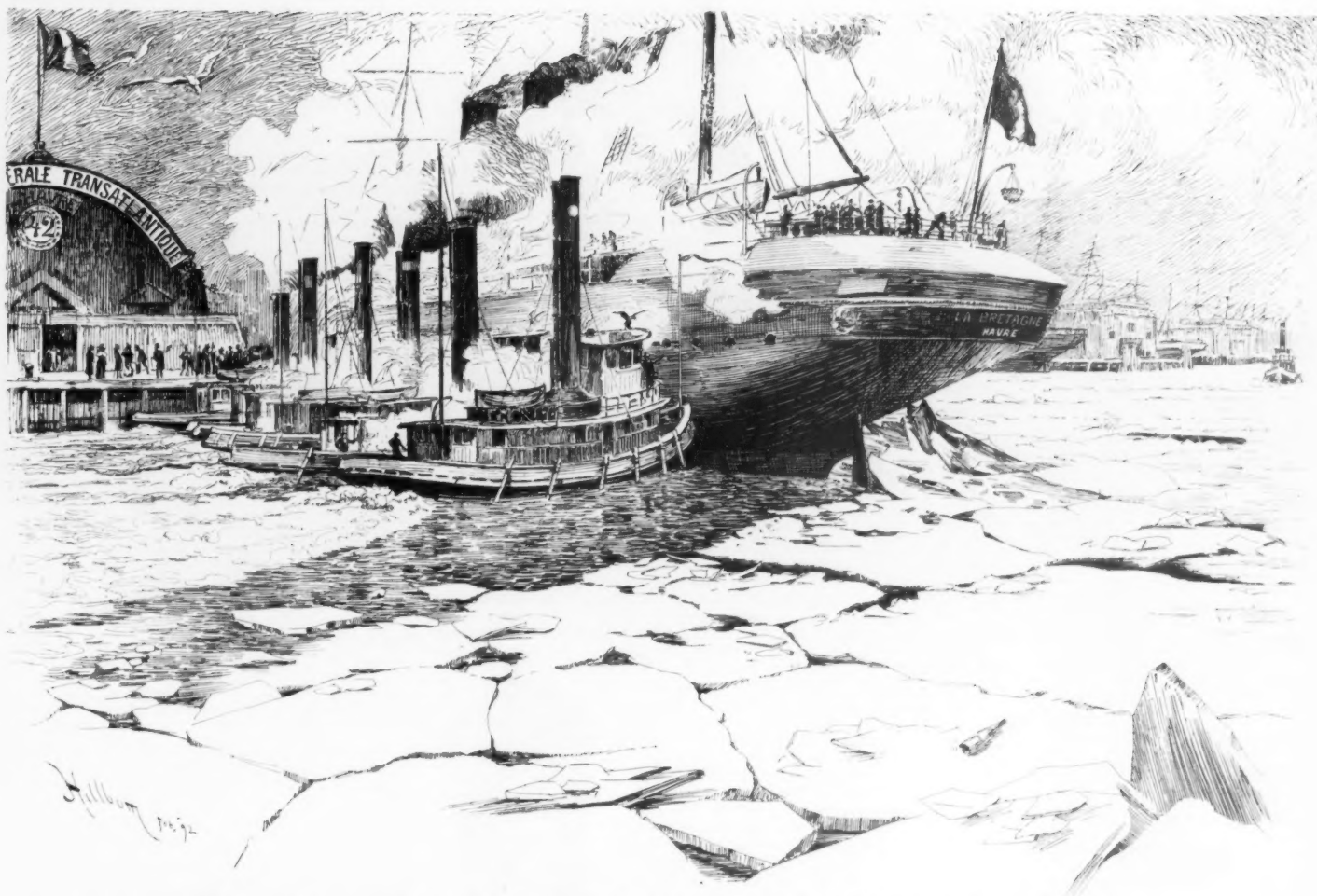
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NEW YORK—BRINGING AN OCEAN RACER TO HER DOCK IN THE ICE-BOUND NORTH RIVER.

THE CLASSIC PRIMROSE.

THE primrose, as its name implies, is the first flower of spring, and is an emblem of early youth and "Lovers' doubts and fears." It has been called "The only rose without a thorn;" and, although its associations are connected with early decay, its praises have been sung by the poets, and it is difficult to decide which is the prettier description—Clare's or Carew's. The first says:

"Welcome, pale primrose! starting up between
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak that strew
The every lawn, the wood, the spinney, through
Mid-creeping moss, and ivy's darker green.
How much thy presence beautifies the ground—
How sweet thy modest, unaffected pride
Glow in the sunny banks and woods' warm side,
And where thy fairy flowers in groups are found!"

While Carew softly sings:

"Ask me why I send you here
This firstling of the infant year;
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose all bepeppered with dew,
I straight will whisper in your ears—
The sweets of love are washed with tears.
Ask me why this flower doth show
So yellow, green and sickly, too;
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And bendeth, yet it doth not break;
I must tell you—these discover
What doubts and fears are in a lover."

Early youth is represented by the primrose. Shakespeare, in his "Winter's Tale," speaks of

"Pale primroses
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bold Phoebus in his strength."

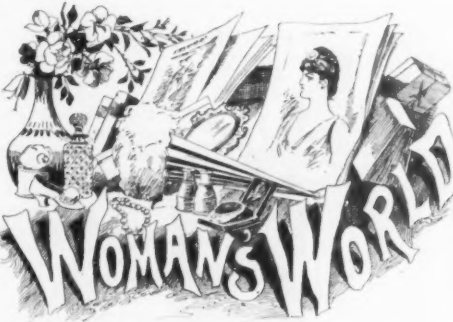
Sadness and Death have been associated with this pretty flower, and we find the poet Spenser lamenting in some touching lines the loss of a young and beautiful wife:

"Mine was the Primrose in the lowly shade!
Oh! that so fair a flower so soon should fade,
And through untimely tempest fade away."

And we find in that charming old play of "Cymbeline," after Imogene has swallowed the sleeping potion in the cave, and is thought to be dead, Arviragus mournfully promises to strew her grave with flowers—"With fairest flowers while summer lasts and I live here, Fidele, I'll sweeten thy sad grave; thou shalt not lack the flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor the azu'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor the leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander, out-sweeten'd not thy breath." In Germany the primrose is called the key-flower, referring to the magic power it is supposed to possess of discovering hidden treasure. There is a tradition that the fairy Bertha entices some favored child by exquisite primroses to a doorway overgrown with flowers. This is the door of an enchanted castle. When the key-flower touches it the door gently opens, and the favored mortal passes to a room in which are vessels covered over

with primroses; underneath the flowers are found treasures in gold and sparkling gems. When the treasure is secured the primroses must be replaced, otherwise the finder will be forever followed by a black dog. In Devonshire and the south of England the country people are extremely superstitious, and look upon the primrose as a death-token should a single one be brought into the house when they first come into bloom. This superstition no doubt originated in an ancient custom of decorating the bodies of those who died in the spring with primroses and snowdrops.

Of late years an impetus has been given to their artificial cultivation by our horticulturists from the immense demand created in England by the festival known as Primrose Day, to commemorate the memory of Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, whose career is unique in the history of his country.



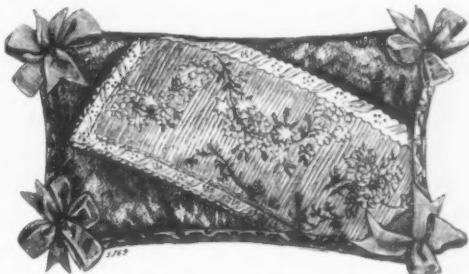
ABOUT ANNE BOLEYN'S GOWNS.

WHEN one reads, on the authority of so enthusiastic a courtier as the Viscount Chateaubriant, that, in addition to writing poetry, singing like a siren, dancing with infinite grace and agility, inventing many new figures and steps, and playing the harp, lute and rebec (the fascinating and very human Anne Boleyn also "dressed with marvelous taste and devised new modes," which found favor with the fairest ladies of the French Court) actual details of her gowns must be interesting.

For three years before Henry VIII. married Anne Boleyn he was constantly making her presents, and among his privy purse accounts we find frequent items connected with the names of "my lady Anne," "my lady Anne Rochford" and the Marchioness of Pembroke—the successive titles of the future Queen—and it is noteworthy that most of these entries refer to presents of wearing apparel. For instance, on June 16, 1532, the King presented Anne with a cloak, the particulars of which will be instructive to modistes of to-day. Each item is entered separately. First, there is "paid to John Malte for twelve yards of blacke satin for a Cloke for my lady Anne at 8s. the yarde, £4 16s." Then for the making of the same cloak, 5s.;

then for a yard of black velvet for edging the cloak, 13s. 4d.; then for two and three-quarter yards of black velvet to line the collar and the "vents" at 13s. 4d. the yard, 36s. 8d.; then for two yards of black satin to line the sleeves at 8s. the yard, 16s.; then eleven yards of Bruges satin to line the rest of the cloak at 2s. 4d. the yard, 25s. 8d.; and, lastly, two yards of buckram to line the upper sleeves, 2s. Total cost, £9 14s. 8d. We find him also supplying a black satin nightgown for "my lady Anne," thirteen yards at 8s. the yard, with eight yards of black taffeta to line the gown at 8s. the yard, three yards of black velvet to border and edge it at 13s. 4d. the yard, and two yards of buckram to line the upper sleeves, while 6s. 8d. was charged for the making. On the same day that Henry made Anne this present he paid a matter of £6 12s. for sixteen yards of green damask (presumably satin) at 8s. per yard, and a few sundries, which were delivered for Anne's use to John Skut, or Scot, the Queen's tailor, who on another occasion received £28 6s. 4d. "for making of apparell" for her. This man also worked for the Princess, afterward Queen Mary, and he appears to have been continually employed at Court.

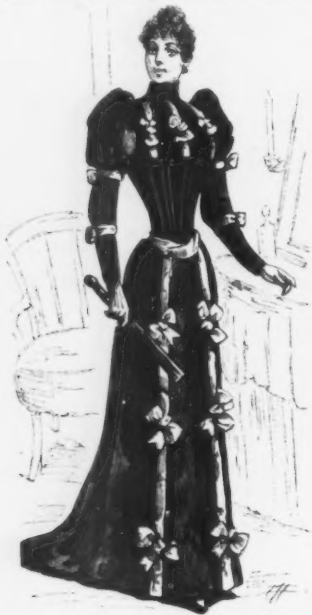
By glancing through these private accounts of the English Bluebeard we can obtain a rough idea of the materials most in favor with Anne Boleyn between the years 1529 and 1532, when she was favorite but not yet Queen, and we will take some of the entries at haphazard. For instance, a yard and a quarter of purple velvet at 41s. 8d., which was paid to Richard Cecil, Groom of the Robes, father of the great Lord Burleigh, and, of course, an ancestor of the present Prime Minister. Then there was £23 paid to "the wife of the Dove"—i.e., the keeper of an inn called the "Dove"—for "lynnen clothes, for shirts and other necessaries;" and on another day nineteen yards and three-quarters of crimson satin was bought at 16s. the yard. One Adington appears to have been the Fur Store of that distant day "for fures and furring of my Lady Anne's gownes." Then, again, £40 15s. 8d. for work and material; and yet again, £38 10s. 10d. for supplying furs for "certaine silks," bought for "apparrell" at a cost of



Long Cushion.—Pink plush, crossed diagonally with water-green brocade, and surrounded with fancy galon. Pink and green butterfly bows at the corners. Pink satin lining.

£56. For some embroidered stuffs £18 14s. 9d. was paid to William Lytgrave, "bawtherer;" and £13 13s. 9d. to Thomas Osborne, of London, for "eight yards three-quarters and the nayle of Crymysyn clothe of golde," at 33s. 4d. the yard, while William Reding supplied thirty-two Flemish ells of gold arras at 46s. 8d. the ell. The Yeoman of the Robes was commissioned to purchase presents of stuffs for Anne, and Henry paid him again. Thus we find one entry of this nature for £30 18s. 10d., and another for £16 16s., for "stuffs" bought from William Locke and Ambrose Barker, two fashionable mercers of the period.

Of course, the relative value of money was very much greater then than now, for in those days a house good enough for a peer to dwell in was rented at ten pounds per annum, a fashionable bonnet of black velvet could be purchased for fifteen shillings, a gold wedding-ring for twelve shillings and fourpence, and a pair of bridal shoes for seven shillings and eight pence; while the immortal Holbein received but thirty pounds a year in "wages"



SLIGHT MOURNING COSTUME.—Black Bengaline, trimmed with narrow gray satin. The front of the skirt has robings of ribbon studded with bows, and the yoke is similarly ornamented, likewise the sleeves.

as the King's painter. In reading these old account books one cannot help wondering whether the ladies of Henry VIII.'s splendid Court indulged in the pleasures of shopping for themselves. One can well imagine the lovely, well-dressed Anne Boleyn looking for the latest novelties among the wares of the mercers in Cheapside—those mercers who, even in those days, were mightily proud of themselves and their trade, and were wont to sing:

"Of all the trades that London grace
Ours first in dignity and place."



THE MAUD BONNET.—Bonnet in black velvet, edged with treble pipings, and surrounded with a trimming in black cut jet, matching the long pin, the wing-like lace aigrette, and feathers.

The most coveted jewels now are the Sugar River pearls from Wisconsin, which rival the Oriental pearls in some respects, and come in rare colors—pink, black and bronze. They are much used in rings, set in rows of three or five, or encircled with small diamonds to set off the natural tints of the pearls.

A bright writer, evidently a woman, in *Womankind* says: "If Columbus had not married a wife with a dowry of geographical love and found a queen with plenty of jewelry this world might still have been nothing but a pancake."

Women with advanced theories refuse to do any kissing. They are afraid of bacteria.

One of the popular cloaks for evening wear is a dark-red cloth circular, fitted to the shoulders and lined with thin silk.



MRS. FRANK SHELTON.

A very plucky American woman is Mrs. Frank Sheldon, who has led an expedition into Central Africa. She has arrived in this country and will lecture on her experiences. Mrs. Sheldon is petite, with large, laughing dark-blue eyes and an exquisite mouth, and a coronet of beautiful light-brown hair.

There is a Woman's Exchange in Paris, instituted by the women of the American colony there, and conducted on the same plan as similar exchanges in this country.

The silk Japanese wrapper is now at the head of the wrapper list. It is made of quilted India silk, with a thin

layer of wadding between the wrapper and the lining. A silk cord is worn round the waist, and the wrapper is embroidered up and down the front. An exquisite Japanese wrapper is made of quilted pale-green India silk, lined with violet silk. The layer of wadding is fragrant with the delicate perfume of violets. This wrapper is elaborately embroidered with dark purple velvets, cuffs being formed of rows of embroidered violets. A violet silk cord, with long tassels, is worn about the waist.

A number of women of Galicia have submitted a petition to the Emperor of Austria, asking for the right to enter military service. They claim that they are more robust and more courageous than effeminate men.

Jackets for spring wear are chiefly in three-quarter lengths, although a few shorter ones are to be seen.

SLEIGH VIDE-POCHE.—Plain wood, embellished with Vernis Martin delineating pink eglantine. The inside is padded with coral silk. Mounting in gilt bronze.

The women of Poland, from the princess to the peasant, will wear nothing but black during 1892, in order to commemorate the centennial of the loss of Poland's independence as a nation.

All the large dry-goods firms in Warsaw, Wilna, Lemberg and Cracow have sent back to Vienna and other cities, according to previous understanding, the goods they had in stock, and have received black materials instead. Bonnets, gloves, dresses, furs and jewelry are all to be black.

A lovely cloak was seen at Worth's, in Paris, the other day. It was made for the Princess de Lucinge, and was of pearl-white satin brocaded with hydrangea bloom in velvet, woven with gold, the design standing out in bold relief. It fell to the feet, and apparently opened back and front over the folds of Parma mauve velvet. A Mazarene collar, reaching to the waist back and front, of velvet to match, was embroidered with pearls and bordered all round with a rich pearl fringe. The full high sleeves were of mauve velvet also.

SHIELD WHAT-NOT.—The hanging escutcheon is divided into four sections, two of which are covered with striped silk, ornamented with removable shelves, displaying antique blue plush like the two other squares, on which glitter stars and chevron in gold galon. Crown on the top to match. The back is lined with stout cardboard, glued to the wood, and lined with maize-colored silk.

WALL LETTER RACK.—White wood, decorated with flowers in Vernis Martin. Marguerites in nickel silver arranged in a line in the center, at the back of which are placed notes, bills, etc.

A pretty evening mantle is of heavy blue velvet, lined with light-blue silk, composed of a drawn-in back, with the straight fronts bordered with Mongolia goat around the length. The straight sleeves have deep velvet cuffs.

President Eliot's contemptuous allusions to co-education and women teachers, in the course of lectures he recently delivered in Boston, are exciting no end of criticism.

Lace promises to be even more fashionable than it was last summer. In many cases the entire bodice is of lace. This is particularly effective when the gown is of the fashionable light-shaded silks.



FRENCH FELT BONNET.—Brown felt, ornamented with scarf and bows in satin Merveilleux ribbon, shot with gold. Paste buckle over the curved brim; pale-blue feathers at the side.

Hulda R. Gracer, a pretty, smart and wide-awake girl from Montreal, just entering into womanhood, follows the business of a customs broker in Cincinnati, and can give points to the boys in making it a success.

A Buffalo paper says: "The women of America are understood to be warmly in favor of postal reform. They

ask for these reforms especially: First, that the United States mail-boxes on the lamp-posts shall be lowered so that little women can reach them; next, that they shall be so arranged that a woman can drop a letter in the box without dropping her dress and two or three packages at the same time; and, finally, that a variety of mucilage be used on the postage-stamps, so they won't stick, 'don't you know.'"

That lovely old lace so much in vogue with our mothers and grandmothers, say half a century ago, and called Spanish blonde, is coming into great favor this year. It always looks like frosted feathers, so softly does it fall and so graceful are its patterns.



X-SHAPED PAPER STAND.—Flax-gray plush, embroidered with silver-thread and pink silk. Lining of sky-blue surah.



MOURNING CAPE.—Black matelassé silk front and back, lined with gray silk. Sleeves fluted on the shoulders in plain veloutine. Bonnet with soft crown in brocaded silk, encircled with a plush brim; cluster of ostrich tips, with a bow in narrow gray velvet; tuft of gray flowers at the back.



JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL.D.

HIS LONG day's work is done, and splendid work hath he done in that all too brief daylight. A ripe scholar, a genial gentleman and an earnest Christian has passed from us, leaving such a gap as may nevermore be filled; for John Gilmary Shea was an exceptional man, so modest that down the vale of years Fame will trumpet the praises that were due to him while yet he lived amongst us. With a memory that was a marvel, and stored with richest treasures, his order of thought was such as to lead him into the highest realms wherein the brightest human intellect loves to revel. The ore yielded from the brain of Dr. Shea was of the purest. There was no dross; it was gold—all gold. This great scholar would cheerily emerge from his world of books to help the meaneast of his brethren—aye, and at the loss of his all too precious time. He was gentle as a child, happy as a child and lovable as a child. He has left such a memory as should make a man almost proud to die.

Dr. Shea died at his home in Elizabeth, N. J. He was conscious almost to the last, and he fully understood the blessing sent to him by the Pope, through Archbishop Corrigan. He died of tumorous cancer of the stomach. He was born in this city on July 22, 1824. His father, James Shea, a native of Ireland, migrated to America in early manhood and married a descendant of Nicholas Upsall, who came over with Governor John Winthrop, in 1630, and settled in Boston. James Shea was principal of the grammar school of Columbia College, and his son studied there. In his thirteenth year the boy entered the office of a Spanish merchant, where he learned Spanish. In 1838, when he was fourteen years old, he wrote an article on Cardinal Albornoz for the *Young People's Catholic Magazine*. Archbishop Hughes, then a Bishop, criticised it in the *Freeman's Journal*, greatly to the delight of the author. Young Shea studied law, and, in 1846, was admitted to the Bar. He never practiced. Dr. Shea was baptized John Dawson Shea in St. Peter's Church, this city. Being a very delicate and nervous child, his father, saying that he was more like a girl than a boy, gave him the nickname of Mary. After he grew up he retained the name of Mary, prefixing the Irish word "Gil" to it. This word means servant. He always liked to be called Gilmary, which means servant of Mary the Virgin.

In 1848, having resolved to become a Jesuit, he entered the novitiate of that order in Fordham. After remaining there for six years he decided that he did not have a call to the priesthood, left, and devoted himself to literary work. In youth his attention was called to the early Catholic missions among the Indians, and he began to collect material for a general history of the Catholic Church in

the United States. His first historical work, "The Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley," was published in 1853. It was well received, and he was recognized as one of the historical scholars of the country. To facilitate his historical researches he studied the Indian languages and published grammars and dictionaries of the Indian language, entitled "Library of American Linguistics." He wrote the articles on Indian tribes in Appleton's *Cyclopædia*. When he died he was engaged on the last volumes of the work of his life, "The History of the Catholic Church in the United States." Three volumes of this work have been published, the fourth is in press and the material for the fifth and last is well in shape. In 1862 Mr. Shea received the degree of Doctor of Laws from St. Francis Xavier's College, this city; St. John's College, Fordham, and Georgetown College also conferred the degrees on him. In 1883 he was recognized as the most distinguished Catholic layman in the United States by the University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Ind., which gave him the Latane medal. For many years preceding 1888 he was editor of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, and editor-in-chief of that publishing house. Then he became editor of the *Catholic News* of this city.

In 1854 he married a Miss Savage, who comes of a New England family. His wife and two daughters, inheriting much of their father's talent, survive him. Two years ago the Catholic hierarchy and clergy started a fund to aid him in the prosecution of his historical work. Dr. Shea wrote, besides the works already mentioned: "History of the Catholic Missions Among the Indian Tribes," 1854; "The Fallen Brave," 1861; "The Operations of the French Fleet Under Comte de Grasse," 1864; "Catholic Church in Colonial Days," 1866; "Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll," 1888. He also translated De Courcy's "Catholic Church in the United States," 1856, and edited "Washington's Private Diary," Cadwallader Colden's "History of the Five Indian Nations," and other historical writings. He corrected several of the erroneous Catholic Bibles, and revised by the Vulgate Challoner's original Bible of 1750, and published several prayer books, school histories and Bible dictionaries.

Of Dr. Shea it may be said, as was of Goldsmith, "*nihil tædium quod non ornabit.*"

SECRETARY JOHN W. NOBLE, of the Interior Department, who is spoken of as a possible successor to White-law Reid, as Minister to France, is a broad-built, robust-looking man of fine physique, with a luxuriant mane of curly, dark hair streaked with silver, and a full-flowing beard, and bears a certain facial resemblance to Senator Hiseock, of New York. He is rising eight-and-fifty, and was a schoolmate of President Harrison at Miami University, Ohio. They have maintained a close personal friendship ever since. After graduating he entered upon the practice of the law. When the War broke out he enlisted as a private in an Iowa cavalry regiment, and fought his way up to the rank of brigadier-general. Curiously enough, Colonel Bussey, his old commander, is now Assistant Secretary to the young private soldier whose promotion he secured. He is a hard worker, who abominates tobacco, and he has more clerks under him than the chief of all the other Departments combined. He recently celebrated his silver wedding.

HERBERT SPENCER, the great latter-day philosopher, is a profoundly bald-headed, mild-mannered man, with an open, clean-shaven face framed in curly, gray side-whiskers, and is very stooped at the shoulders. He is rising three-and-seventy, is unmarried, and he has but



THE LATE JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL.D., ETC.

few intimate personal acquaintances. He lives in a boarding-house, for his doctor had told him that it was not good for a man like him to live alone, as his solitary meals were apt to be marred by thinking too much on deep subjects; and advised him to stay for awhile in some boarding-house, where the dinner-table talk would be conducted by nice, cheery, brainless gentlefolk. The great philosopher went, but he did not stay long. It came to his ears that the pleasant lady whose seat was next to him at table was a sad disappointment. A friend asked her how she liked the boarding-house; could she recommend it? "Oh, yes; I think I can; but there is a Mr. Spencer who thinks that he knows about science and philosophy. I have to correct him every night!" He always carries about a couple of little plugs in his pocket, and whenever conversation about him becomes annoying he takes them out and puts them in his ears, and thus becomes deaf to the chatter about him. He is still a veritable glutton for work; but at times is obliged to suspend all mental application for weeks, being completely prostrated by nervous collapse. He was the lifelong friend of George Eliot, and has known all the leading celebrities of the day; but, like Carlyle, has declined all academic or other honors, and he is the *bête-noir* of the autograph collector, whose excuse for existence he does not see. Though universally conceded to be the greatest thinker in the world, he is not widely read, as he pays but little attention to his literary style and frequently writes in an incomprehensible vein. As an example we may quote his definition of life, which is as follows: "The definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in correspondence with external co-existences and sequences!" His books have been translated into Polish, Greek, Chinese and other uncongenial tongues; yet, withal, they do not cover the cost of publication, to say nothing of the profit supposed to be left for the author. In fact, he hardly makes enough to support his style of extreme simplicity. He started out in life as a civil engineer, with a desire to make a reputation as a mathematician.

A TRULY PARISIAN DINNER.

THE following is the agreeable *menu* of a Parisian dinner:

As aperative, a vermouth, which is rendered agreeable by the addition of sulphuric acid.

The diner then attacks his potage of tapioca—made of potato starch, to which copper has been added.

His butter is made of calf's fat colored with lead.

His roast, of inferior quality, has been improved with saltpetre; he discovers a few truffles made of pressed clay.

The vinegar of the salad is seasoned with vitriol.

The peas—a little too green—taste of the copper which has given them their color.

Dessert: A chocolate cream; the chocolate is made of glucose, red oxide of mercury and red ochre.

For coffee, he is given a mixture of horse-liver roasted in the oven, black-walnut sawdust and caramel.

His small glass of kirschwasser, which terminates the dinner, contains as high as twenty-two centigrammes of prussic acid to the liter.

After such a meal the Parisian has a terrible thirst; he wishes to drink beer, and he drinks it.

It is a decoction of poppy heads, elder, belladonna, *datura stramonium*, soda, tannic acid and muric acid.



A CUTE CHILD.

FATHER—"Ha! I've caught you. What was you doing?"
SON (seeing the glass in his father's hand)—"Getting the rum for you. Mother hid it."
(He gets the jam and the father gets the rum.)



A MARTYR TO CANDY.

TOMMY—"You did not give me the whipping you said you would."
FATHER—"Why, what a strange boy you are to want a whipping."
TOMMY—"Well, I thought I should like the candy you always give me after it."

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Misses', 16 to 18 years (brace), \$1.00

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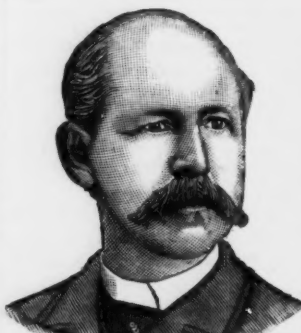
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